

# COURT POEMS.

VIZ; 1162/34

- I. The Basset-Table. An Eclogue.
  - II. The Drawing-Room.
  - III. The Toilet.
- 

*A Copy of Verses to the Ingenious Mr.  
Moore, Author of the celebrated  
Worm-Powder.*

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All Four by Mr. POPE.

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To which is Added W. T. to Fair  
CLIO.

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DUBLIN:

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# POPE'S COURT



I. The British Museum  
 II. The British Museum  
 III. The British Museum

Copy of the original  
 Moore, 43  
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All four of the  
 To which is added the

Registered in the  
 Year 1843



THE  
Basset-Table.

AN  
ECLOGUE.

CARDELIA. SMILINDA.

CARDELIA.



THE Basset-Table spread, the Tallier come ;  
Why stays SMILINDA in the Dressing-  
[Room ?  
Rise, Pensive Nymph, the Tallier waits for  
[you :

SMILINDA.

Ah, Madam, since my SHARPER is untrue,

Why should I make me once ador'd *Alpen*.

Now him stand behind OMBRELIA's Chair,

Whisper with that soft, deluding Air,

Those feign'd Sighs which cheer the list'ning Fair,

## CARDELIA.

Is this the Cause of your Romantick Strains?  
 A mightier Grief my heavy Heart sustains.  
 See! here a fit Companion of your Pain  
 ( Yet heavier is the Grief which I sustain; )  
 As You by Love, so I by Fortune cross't;  
 In One bad Deal, Three *Septleva's* have lost.

## SMILINDA.

Is that the Grief, which you compare with mine?  
 With Ease, the Smiles of Fortune I resign:  
 Would all my Gold in One bad Deal were gone;  
 Were Lovely SHARPER Mine, and Mine alone.

## CARDELIA.

A Lover lost, is but a common Care;  
 And Prudent Nymphs against that Change prepare:  
 The *Knave of Clubs* thrice lost: Oh! who could guess  
 This fatal Stroke, this unforeseen Distress?

## SMILINDA.

See BETTY LOVET! Very *a-propos*,  
 She all the Cares of Love and Play does know,  
 Deeply experienc'd many Years ago.

}  
 Dear

Dear BETTY shall th' Important Point decide;  
 BETTY, who oft the Pain of each has try'd;  
 impartial, She shall say who suffers most,  
 By Cards Ill Usage, or by Lovers lost.

Mrs. I LOVE TO

Tell, tell your Griefs; attentive will I stay,  
 Tho' Time is precious, and I want some Tea.

CARD ELLA

Behold this Equipage, of Mathers bought,  
 With Fifty Guinea's; a great Pen'worth thought.  
 See on the Tooth pick, Mars and Cupid strive;  
 And both the struggling Figures seem alive.

Upon the Bottom shines the Queen's Bright Face;  
 A Myrtle Foliage round the Thimble-Case.

Jove, Jove himself, does on the Scizars shine;  
 The Metal, and the Workmanship, Divine!

S M I L I N D A

This Snuff Box, once the Pledge of SHARPER'S Love,  
 When Rival Beauties for the Present strove;  
 At Corticelli's He the Raffle won,  
 When first his Passion was in publick shown:



HAZARDIA blush'd, and turn'd her Head aside,  
 A Rival's Envy (all in vain) to hide.  
 This Snuff-Box, — on the Hinge see *Brilliant's* Shine;  
 This Snuff-Box will I stake, the Prize is mine.

## CARDELIA.

Alas ! far lesser Losses than I bear,  
 Have made a *Soldier* sigh, a *Lover* swear.  
 And Oh ! what makes the Disappointment hard,  
 'Twas my own Lord that drew the fatal Card.  
 In Complaisance, I took the *Queen* he gave ;  
 Tho' my own secret Wish was for the *Knave*.  
 The *Knave* won *Sonica*, which I had chose ;  
 And the next *Pull*, my *Septleva* I lose.

## SMILINDA.

But ah ! what aggravates the Killing Smart,  
 The Cruel Thought, that stabs me to the Heart ;  
 This Curs'd OMBRELIA, this Undoing Fair,  
 By whose vile Arts this heavy Grief I bear ;  
 She, at whose Name I shed these *spiteful Tears*,  
 She owes to me the very Charms She wears.  
 An *awkward Thing*, when first she came to Town ;  
 Her *Shape* unfashion'd, and her *Face* unknown :

She was my Friend; I taught her first to spread  
 Upon her *Sallow Cheeks* th' Enliv'ning Red:  
 introduc'd her to the *Park* and *Plays*;  
 And by my Int'rest, *Cazens* made her *Stays*.  
 Ingrateful Wretch, with Mimick *Airs* grown *pert*,  
 She dares to steal my *Fav'rite Lover's Heart*.

## CARDELIA.

Wretch that I was, how often have I swore,  
 When WINNALL *tally'd*, I wou'd *Punt* no more?  
 I know the *Bite*, yet to my *Ruin* run;  
 And see the *Folly*, which I cannot *shun*.

## SMILINDA.

How many Maids have SHARPERS's *Vows* deceiv'd?  
 How many curs'd the Moment they believ'd?  
 Yet his *known Falshoods* cou'd no Warning prove:  
 Ah! what is Warning to a *Maid in Love*?

## CARDELIA.

But of what Marble must that Breast be form'd,  
 To gaze on *Basset*, and remain unwarm'd?  
 When *Kings*, *Queens*, *Knaves*, are set in decent Bank;  
 Expos'd in Glorious Heaps the *Tempting-Bank*.

*Guinea, Half-Guinea, all the Shining Train;*  
*The Winner's Pleasure, and the Loser's Pain;*  
 In bright Confusion open *Roulette* lye,  
 They strike the Soul, and glister in the Eye.  
 Fir'd by the Sight, all Reason I disdain;  
 My Passions rise, and will not bear the Rein.  
 Look upon *Basset*, you who Reason boast;  
 And see if Reason may not there be lost.

## S M I L I N D A.

What more than Marble must that Heart compose;  
 Can hearken coldly to my *SHARPER's* *Vows*?  
 Then, when he trembles! when his Blushes rise!  
 When Awful Love seems melting in his Eyes!  
 With eager Beats his *Mechlin* Cravat moves;  
*He Loves*,——I whisper to my self, *He Loves*.  
 Such unfeign'd Passion in his Looks appears,  
 I lose all Mem'ry of my former Fears;  
 My panting Heart confesses all his Charms,  
 I yield at once, and sink into his Arms.  
 Think of that Moment, you who Prudence boast;  
 For such a Moment, Prudence well were lost.



## CARDELIA.

At the Groom-Porter's, batter'd Bullies play ;  
 me DUKES at *Mary-Bone* bowl Time away.  
 who the Bowl, or rattling Dice compares,  
 Basset's Heav'nly Joys, and pleasing Cares ?

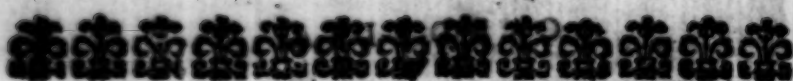
## SMILINDA.

Soft SIMPLICETTA doats upon a Beau ;  
 UDINA likes a Man, and laughs at Show.  
 eir several Graces in my SHARPER meet ;  
 ong as the Footman, as the Master sweet.

## Mrs. LOVE-T.

Cease your Contention, which has been too long ;  
 row Impatient, and the Tea's too strong.  
 end, and yield to what I now decide ;  
 e Equipage shall grace SMILINDA's Side :  
 e Snuff-Box to CARDELIA I decree.  
 w leave Complaining, and begin your Tea.

THE



# ROXANA:

OR, THE

## Drawing-Room.

**R**OXANA from the Court returning late,  
Sigh'd her soft Sorrow at St. JAMES's Gate:

Such heavy Thoughts lay brooding in her Breast;  
Not her own Chairmen with more Weight oppress'd:  
They curse the cruel Weight they're doom'd to bear;  
She in more gentle Sounds express'd her Gate.

Was it for this, that I these Roses wear?  
For this, new set the Jewels for my Hair?  
Ah PRINCESS! with what Zeal have I persud'd?  
Almost forgot the Duty of a Prude.  
This KING I never cou'd attend too soon;  
I miss'd my Pray'rs, to get me dress'd by Noon.  
For Thee, Ah! what for Thee did I resign;  
My Passions, Pleasures, all that e'er was mine?

I've sacrific'd both Modesty, and Ease;  
 Left Opera's, and went to filthy Plays;  
 Double Entendres, shock'd my Tender Ear,  
 Yet even this for Thee, I chuse to bear.  
 In glowing Youth, when Nature bids be Gay,  
 And ev'ry Joy of Life before me lay;  
 By Honour prompted, and by Pride restrain'd,  
 The Pleasures of the Young my Soul disdain'd.  
 Sermons I sought, and with a Mien severe,  
 Censur'd my Neighbours, and said Daily Pray'r.  
 Alas, how chang'd ! With this same Sermon-Mien,  
 The filthy—*What d'ye Call it*—I have seen,  
 A Royal PRINCESS ! for whose Sake I lost  
 The Reputation, which so dear had cost :  
 who avoided ev'ry Publick Place,  
 When Bloom and Beauty bid me show my Face ;  
 Now near Thee, constant I each Night abide,  
 With never-failing Duty, by thy Side ;  
 My Self and Daughters standing in a Row,  
 To all the *Foreigners* a Goodly Show.  
 If had your *Drawing-Room* been sadly thin,  
 And *Merchants Wives* close by your Side had been ;  
 Had I not amply fill'd the Empty Place,  
 And sav'd Your HIGHNESS from the Dire Disgrace.

Yet

**Yet COCKATILLA's Artifice prevails,**  
**When all my Duty, and my Merits fails;**  
**That COCKATILLA, whose Deluding Air,**  
**Corrupts our Virgins, and our Youth ensnares;**  
**So sunk her Character, and lost her Fame,**  
**Scarce Visited, before Your HIGHNESS came;**  
**Yet for the *Bed-Chamber* 'tis She You chuse,**  
**Whilst Zeal, and Fame, and Virtue You refuse.**  
**All worthy Choice ! Not One of all your Train,**  
**Which Censure blasts not, or Dishonours stain.**  
**I know the *Court*, with all its Treach'rous Wiles,**  
**The *False Careless*, and *Undoing Smiles*.**  
**Ah PRINCESS ! learn'd in all the Courty Arts,**  
**To cheat our Hopes, and yet to gain our Hearts.**





## THE

## TOILET.

NOW Twenty Springs has cloath'd the Park with Green,  
 Since LYDIA knew the Blossoms of Fifteen;

No Lovers! Now her Morning Hours molest,

And catch her at her Toilet halt undrest.

The thund'ring Knockers wakes the Streets no more;

Nor Chairs, nor Coaches crowd the Silent Door;

Now at the Window all the Mornings pass,

Or at the dumb Devotion of the Glass;

Reclin'd upon her Arm she pensive sat,

And curst th' Inconstancy of Men too late!

Oh Youth! Oh Spring of Life for ever lost!

No more my Name shall ring the festive Toast; Lull well

On Glass no more shall Diamond grave my Name,

And Rhimes mispelt record my Lover's Flame.



Nor shall Side-Boxes watch my wand'ring Eyes,  
 And as they catch the Glance in Rows arise  
 With humble Bows: nor White-Glove Beau's incroach  
 In Crowds behind to guard me to my Coach.

What shall I do to spend the hateful Day?  
 At Chapel shall I wear the Morn away?  
 Who there appears at those unmodish Hours,  
 But Ancient Matrons with their Frizled Tow'rs,  
 And Grey, Religious Maids? My Presence there,  
 Amidst that Sober Train, wou'd cause Despair.  
 Nor am I yet so old, nor is my Glance  
 As yet fix'd wholly to Devotion's Trance.

Straight then I'll Dress, and take my wonted Range,  
 To Indian Shops, *Mottoux's*, or the *Change*;  
 Where the Tall Jar erects his Costly Pride,  
 With Antick Shapes, in *China's* Azure dy'd:  
 There, careless lies the Rich *Brocade*, unroll'd;  
 Here, shines a Cabinet of Burnish'd Gold:  
 But then, alas! I must be fore'd to Pay,  
 Or bring no Penny-worths, or Fan away.

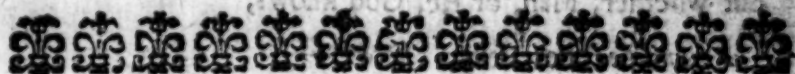
How am I curs'd, unhappy, and forelorn;  
 My Lover's Triumph, and my Sex's Scorn?

False is the Pompos Grief of Youthful Heirs ;  
 False are the Loose Coquet's, Inveig'ling Airs :  
 False is the Crafty Courtier's Plighted Word ;  
 False are the Dice, when Gamesters stamp the Board :  
 False is the Sprightly Widow's Publick Tear :  
 Yet those, to DAMON'S Oaths, are all Sincere.  
 For what Young Flirt, Base Man, am I abus'd ?  
 To please your Wife, am I unkindly us'd ?  
 'Tis true, her Face may boast the Peach's Bloom ;  
 But does her nearer whisp'ring Breath perfume ?  
 I own, her Taper-Shape is made to please ;  
 Yet when you see her unconfin'd by Stays,  
 She doubly to Fifteen may claim Pretence ;  
 Alike we read it in her Wit and Sense.  
 Insipid, Servile Thing, that I disdain.  
 Whose Phlem can best support the Marriage Chain.  
 DAMON is practis'd in the Modish Life,  
 Can hate, and yet be civil to his Wife.  
 He Games, he Swears, he Drinks, he Fights, he Roves,  
 Yet CHLOE can believe he fondly loves.  
 Mistress and Wife by Turns supply his Need ;  
 A Miss for Pleasure, and a Wite for Breed.  
 Tower'd with Diamonds, free from Thought or Care,  
 She can a sullen Husband's Humour bear.

Her cred'ulous Friendship, and her stupid Ease,  
 Has often been my Jest in happier Days.  
 Now CHLOE Boasts and Triumphs in my Pains ;  
 To her he's Faithful, 'tis to me he Feigns.  
 Am I that senseless Thing to bear Neglect,  
 And force a Smile not daring to suspect.  
 No, ——— Perjur'd Man ! A Wife may be content ;  
 But you shall find a Mistress can resent.

Thus Love-sick LYDIA Rav'd ; her Maid appears ;  
 With steady Hand the Band-box-Charge She bears.  
 How well those Ribbands——Gloss becomes your Face,  
 She cries in Raptures,——Then so sweet a Grace ;  
 How charmingly you look, so strait, so fair,  
 'Tis to your Eyes your Head-Dress owes its Air.  
 Strait LYDIA smil'd, the Comb adjusts her Looks,  
 And at the *Play-House*, Harry keeps the Box.

T O



TO THE  
 Ingenious Mr. MOORE,  
 Author of the Celebrated  
 Worm-Powder.

**H**OW much, Egregious MOORE, are we  
 Deceiv'd by Shews, and Forms ?

Whate'er we think, whate'er we see,

All Human Race are Worms.

*Man*, is a very Worm by Birth,

Proud Reptile, vile and vain,

A-while he crawls upon the Earth,

Then shrinks to Earth again.

That *Woman* is a Worm we find,

E'er since our Gran'am's Evil :

She first convers'd with her own-kind,

That Ancient Worm, the Devil.

But whether, Man, or He, God knows,  
*Recundified* her Belly,  
 With that pure Stuff from whence we rose,  
 The Genial *Vermicelli*.

The *Learn'd* themselves, we Book-Worms name :  
 The *Blockhead*, is a Slow-Worm ;  
 The *Nymph*, whose Tail is all on Flame,  
 Is aptly term'd a Glow-Worm.

The *Fops* are painted Butter-flies,  
 That flutter for a Day ;  
 First from a Worm they took their Rise,  
 Then in a Worm decay.

The *Flatterer* an Ear-wig grows.  
 Some Worms suit all Conditions ;  
*Misers* are Muck-Worms, Silk-Worms *Beans*,  
 And Death-Watches *Physicians*.

That *Statesmen* have a Worm is seen,  
 By all their winding Play :  
 Their Conscience is a Worm within,  
 That gnaws them Night and Day.



Ah ! MOORE ! thy Skill were well Employ'd,  
 And greater Gain wou'd rise,  
 If thou could'st make the Courtier void  
 The Worm that never Dies.

W. T.

O Learned Friend of Abchurch-Lane,  
 Who sett'st our Entrails free,  
 Vain is thy Art, thy Powder Vain,  
 Since Worms shall Eat ev'n Thee.

Thou only can'st our Fates adjourn,  
 Some few short Years, no more ;  
 Ev'n BUTTON's Wits to Worms shall turn,  
 Who *Maggots* were before.

A

W. T.



# W. T. to Fair *Clio*

Who, the first Time he see her  
fung a BALLAD of her own  
Composing in Compliment to  
One he had Writ before.

---

To the Tune of, *To all ye Ladies, &c.*

---

I.

**A** H! *Clio*, had thy distant Lays  
Attack'd my weakest Side,  
And thou had only WRIT to raise  
An empty Poet's Pride;  
With merry Glee, then, all Day long,  
Thy Wit and Verse had been my Song.

II.

But, to the Lines, which thou had writ,  
It was a cruel Choice,

add new Force, and Grace thy Wit

With Beauty and with Voice;

only points, but Lips and Eye  
gather the Darts and make them fly.

### III.

ou should'st thy dawning Muse have sent,

Fore-runner to thy Sun,

and not have spread the Firmament

At once with Height of Noon;

banish darkness, it was kind,

cruel, thus, to strike me blind.

### IV.

y Arrows, from a random Hand,

Might chance to miss their Aim;

when you take so near a Stand,

They cannot fail to maim:

what Amazement must it bring

see thee Look, and hear thee Sing?

### V.

en kindl'd Skies their Lightnings broach,

At distance, first they appear,

To

To warn us of their fierce Approach,  
 And for the Storm prepare;  
 But *Flashes*, unexpected, bright,  
 They melt the *Soul*, and pierce the *Sight*.

## VI.

But you, fair *Nymph*, no Time allow,  
 At once you'our Fate proclaim,  
 And whilst your *Beauty* makes us glow,  
 Your *Voice* inspires the Flame :  
 But when the *Muse* assumes her Part,  
 What *Engines* can insure the Heart?

## VII.

The *Delphick God*, by Female Tongues,  
 His Oracles declar'd,  
 Thro' horrid Looks, from untun'd Lungs,  
 The Fate of Crowns was heard;  
 But the whole *God* in you does meet,  
 His *Tenth*, his *Musick*, and his *Will*.

## VIII.

Had *Sappho*, thus, to *Phaon* writ,  
 She had escap'd the *Whore*,

Youth had been, by Force of Wit, *as long as will*, *the*  
 Compell'd the *Nymph* to save: *no blind*  
*Sappho* met her *Destiny*, *with* *skill*  
 If *Sappho* could not write like *Thee*, *not* *long* *as* *I*

## IX.

*Thee*, had *Eccho* tun'd her Voice,  
*Narcissus* to invoke,  
*Self-lov'd Touth* had fix'd his Choice,  
 Nor doom'd her to a *Rock*;  
 As both a better Fate had found;  
 Had not *Pin'd*, nor he been *Drown'd*.

## X.

whate'er Fate to me belongs,  
 This comfort I shall have,  
 Be recorded in thy Songs,  
 And triumph in the Grave;  
 As falls a *Victim* to thy Eyes,  
 By thy *Verses*, sure to rise.

## XI.

fragrant *Lines* salute the Skie,  
 Like an *Arabian Nest*,



And, like an aged Phoenix, I  
 Embalm'd on Spices rest,  
 Thus, whilst amidst thy Flames, I burn,  
 I rise Immortal from the Urn.



**FINIS.**

